



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

## Donald and Vladamir: A toupee to be remembered TrumpxPutin



👁 46 ✓ 0 ★ 2

### Chapter 1 by GrrrungeGay

#### The Beginning

It was his third month. His sixth trip. His twelfth plane. His last.

He steps off the plane, hair swishing like the suntanned mane of a horse. His eyes flared, then simmered at the thought of the upcoming days.

His taxi barely moved. His suit barely wavered. His thoughts never left Vladimir. Vladimir; his shirtless knight, his fearless ruler, his prince, his shiny-headed, ravenous, beast.

There were voices, they told him not to do it. To take what he had, hold on, and jump off the deep end. They whispered memories of all the times he had questioned, they yelled all the times they had ... together.

But she was catching on.

The flames engulfed him. They seethed and slithered. Burning everything that he had built. Dissolving what foundations he had worked so hard to produce. But they nurtured. They wrapped him up, blanketed him when cold, kissed him when in need of one ... Told him they understood.

The thoughts were unbearable, but he could ruin his image now.

He must find his prince.

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

**i** You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account